

all his perquisites and offices at the petition of the Commons to the King, and his name was struck off the Privy Council. But it was rather a political disgrace than a judicial sentence of great severity; for his goods were not confiscated, and his imprisonment was relaxed for bail.

The sentences on Lyons and Lord Latimur were followed by the impeachment and condemnation of their subordinates. Lord Neville was removed from the Privy Council Board, Sir Richard Stury was dismissed from about the King's person, and the merchants Elys, Peachy and Bury were forced to disgorge the results of those speculations on which they had entered under the patronage of Lyons and at the expense of the public.¹ It was while these finishing touches were being given to the work of punishment, that the great supporter of the Commons was removed. The Prince of Wales, who had for six years been stretched on a bed of agony and weakness, had suffered a further relapse that spring, had sunk fast during the time of the impeachments, and was at length released from his misery in the early days of July*. The prospect of deliverance from physical pain did not take away from him the bitterness of death. If ever a man died disappointed, it was the Black Prince. After tasting in early youth all the joys that fame, victory and power can bestow, he had seen the world slip from under his hand as he came to manhood, and was now dying at the prime of life with all his hopes unattained and all the work of his early triumphs undone. The memories of Crecy and Poitiers were like a dream or a legend in the face of the sordid realities of the present. It was now thirty years since, as a boy of sixteen, he had fought and won under his father's eye the great victory that first established the supremacy of the English arms. It was twenty years since, brought to bay behind the vineyards of Poitiers with a handful of English gentlemen and archers, he had destroyed the chivalry of France and led her King a captive to London. In those days there was no future that seemed too brilliant for him, the expectancy and rose of the fair State/ Yet since those

¹ *Hot. ParL*, ii, 827-80; *Chron. Ang.*, 80, 87, 892; *Wal.*, t 831*